

## GOSSIP IN WASHINGTON

Discussing the Financial Condition of the Government.

### THE DOINGS OF ONE OFFICESEEKER

How Congressmen Handle the Applications of the Seeker For Place—After a Watchman's Position—Other Happenings at the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—With the exception of office-seeking nothing is more discussed about the hotels these days than the financial condition of the government, and all kind of wildcat schemes are advocated by those who can find people who will give them a patient hearing. One managed to get hold of a congressman and unfolded the following plan, which he said would secure all the gold which would be needed: "Place bonds on sale," he said, "at every postoffice in the country. Sell them to the people for gold, and there will be more of that valuable coin forthcoming from secret hiding places than can be found in all the banks of the country. What does the miser or the small saver put away but gold? It is true, that many will hold on to it, but there will be millions produced." The congressman said he would consider the scheme.

"I have done something remarkable," said an office-seeker who has been here several weeks. "I have withdrawn my application for a position and shall return home. Why did I do so? Well, you see I went around to the departments often, and the Republicans treated me so courteously and I saw so many women at work that I decided to pull out. I got to thinking about it, and I came to the conclusion that while I could get employment at my home I might take the place of some man or woman who would not be so fortunate. Then again it struck me that with some exceptions the people in office had to work about as hard as I did. I'm off, and I'm not a disappointed office-seeker, either."

### VOICES OF THE CONGRESSMAN.

A newly elected congressman remarked that he had received 200 letters in six days, and all but three were from people who wanted office. "Of course I can't keep all the letters," he said, "but I have a list on which I place the names of all applicants, their postoffices, what they want, etc. Do I reply to all of them? Oh, yes, and I tell you postage and paper are no small item of expense, while it requires all my spare time to answer them. I have not had more than three hours' sleep out of 24 for weeks. Yet I am elected to look after my constituents' interests, and I do not complain."

One of the departments was visited several days ago by a long, lank individual who walked into the offices, peered around and dropped out without saying a word. As he was departing he said to one of the watchmen that he was simply looking about for a place which would suit him, saying that his (the watchman's) place appeared to be what he wanted. "Of course you will have to go," he said, "and you don't care who steps into your shoes," and he proceeded to interview the watchman as to salary, hours, etc. The watchman gave him the desired information and then told him the location of the hotel where he said his congressman was staying. But no change has as yet been made.

### PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments have been made:

Alexander M. McDonald of Virginia to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Persia. Wallace S. Jones of Florida to be consul general of the United States at Rome. Stephen Bousal of Maryland to be secretary of the legation of the United States to China.

To be consuls of the United States—James B. Toney of West Virginia, at Belfast; Alfred D. Jones of North Carolina, at Shanghai; Harvey Johnson of Georgia, at Antwerp; Harrison R. Williams of Missouri, at San Jose, Costa Rica; Henry P. Du Bell of Texas, at Rheims.

Robert W. Hawks of Mississippi to be receiver of public moneys at Jackson, Miss. John Goode of Virginia to be commissioner on the part of the United States, under the treaty for a claims commission concluded between the United States and Chili Aug. 7, 1892.

### THE CUBAN FIASCO.

NEW ORLEANS, May 8.—A Key West special says: "The great revolution in Cuba has simmered down to 30 men with 11 rifles and 11 horses who took up the cry of 'Cuba Libre.' A committee of home rulers went out to them on the 2d, advising them to surrender, and next day came into Holguin and laid down their arms on the conditions offered by the government. Spain's intense uneasiness over Cuba can be realized from the extensive movements made against 30 men. The governor general has received congratulations from Madrid and all districts of Cuba on the happy termination of affairs."

### THE FINISHERS' UNION IN SESSION.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., May 8.—The Finishers' union held its first annual convention in this city and adjourned after electing officers. Delegates representing 800 members from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana were in attendance. The union decided not to return to the Amalgamated association. A schedule of wages for next year was decided on, which is the same as the western iron scale of this year. The new scale will regulate the wages of rollers, roughers, catchers and heaters.

### ROGUES ROB A PENNSYLVANIA MAN.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., May 8.—John Jones, a prominent citizen of this place, was hounded out of \$2,500 by three strangers. They reported themselves as book agents and sons of bankers in Norristown. The victim is about 70 years of age, and was connected with the Reading Railroad company for many years. The swindlers escaped. They are supposed to be the same gang that have been operating in Westchester recently.

### HOTEL MEN MEET IN CINCINNATI.

NEW YORK, May 8.—Hotel keepers representing all the principal hotels in this city, accompanied by their wives, daughters and friends, left on a special vestibule limited train over the New York Central road bound for Cincinnati, where the annual meeting of the United Hotel association takes place on Tuesday.

### A MICHIGAN BANK RESUMES.

LANSING, Mich., May 8.—The Ingham County Savings bank, which closed a couple of weeks ago, will resume business this week. The closing was the result of a panic among the directors, as the bank was entirely solvent, having ample cash and gilt-edged securities in the vaults at the time.

## THE QUEEN OF BEGGARS.

An Italian Woman Who Ran an Orphan Asylum to a Profit.

Sister Giuseppina, founder of the order of Maria Santissima della Consolata, and its present head, was recently arrested in Milan for persistent swindling. She might truly be called queen of Italian beggars. Her correct name is Giuseppina Maria Fiorella. She was born in Turin forty-four years ago, and at the age of sixteen was a beautiful woman already well known by the men about town. She led a wild life in Turin until her twenty-fifth year, and then went to other Italian cities in which she continued her questionable career until dissipation had obliterated her beauty.

She returned unrecognized to Turin at the age of thirty-seven, and, in the garb of a sister, began the work of founding the order of Maria Santissima della Consolata, whose special mission she described as the care of poor orphans. Although unsupported by the clergy, she obtained large sums of money from philanthropists, bought an old barracks and filled it with orphans. She then turned the institution into a begging enterprise. Every day, hot or cold, wet or dry, she compelled all the orphans to tramp the streets and beg for money. This money she deposited to her own credit in the bank, reserving hardly a dollar a day for the food and clothes of the orphans. The children were starved and beaten so persistently that one in every ten died after a few months in the institution. The places of the dead ones were filled at once, however, by Sister Giuseppina and the four accomplices whom she had dressed in sisters' garb and impressed into her service.

At the end of the second year Sister Giuseppina had saved ten thousand dollars from the proceeds of the children's begging. She then left the Turin institution to the supervision of a subordinate and went to Milan, where she established a second institution for begging. By the beginning of 1891 she had sixty sisters and a number of orphans in her service, had saved a little fortune estimated at between forty and fifty thousand dollars, and was receiving an annual income which in Italy was large enough to be called princely. She became ambitious to become a millionaire, however, and to this ambition was due the discovery of the fraud.

She left Milan to found still another begging institution. She selected Intra, on the Lago Maggiore, as the scene of her new enterprise, and was unable to exercise the requisite discipline in the Turin and Milan institutions. In both quarrels over the spoils broke out, and by the time Sister Giuseppina had set in operation her begging society in Intra her subordinates had betrayed her imposture to the police. When she arrived in Milan she was arrested and taken to jail.

### CREAKING A YOUNG HORSE.

Accustom Him to the Saddle Gently. Let Him Get Him Into Bad Habits.

"Suppose that the horse which you are going to ride has never been ridden before—how shall you begin? If he is an intelligent animal, well brought up, he will probably allow you to mount him, provided that you do it very slowly and cautiously; but if he be stupid or timid you can begin by having him carry a bag of oats. I had lately a horse that had thrown the only man that had ever attempted to ride him," says a writer in Harper's Bazar, "and when I prepared to get on he showed unmistakable signs of an intention to do the same by me. So I called the oats into play. A bag, half full, was tied up, and he was allowed to smell it. When an effort was made to put it on the saddle he showed excessive fear, but by proceeding gradually, and by soothing and coaxing him, we were soon able, first, to put it on gently, and at last to throw it on the saddle without disturbing him."

"At the next lesson, after going through the same process, the bag was tied to the saddle, and he was first walked and afterward trotted about with it on. I then put my foot in the stirrup, immediately withdrawing it, however, for he became alarmed. Then I tried again, and, after a few attempts, finding that he was not hurt, he submitted. The next step was to raise myself in the stirrup, and this again alarmed him at first, but gradually he became accustomed to it, and at last I slowly and carefully put the other leg over, and in a few minutes more I was riding him about. I do not think the whole lesson occupied more than twenty minutes. Of course the horse was held by a groom during the process."

"In mounting a young, green horse you should be extremely patient and gentle, lest you should get him into bad habits which he might retain for the rest of his life. Remember that your object is not simply to get on his back, but to do it in such a way that mounting him will be an easier task the next time. Mount your horse first in the stable, then close to the stable, and finally, a month later, perhaps, in the open. If you are obliged to dismount on the road, and are doubtful of your ability to get back, lead the horse up to some building if you can find one, and if not, to a tree or a fence. It is astonishing what a difference the presence or absence of such a background makes. Be sure, also, to have a firm grasp on the reins, in case the horse should start just as you were mounting. Do not haul yourself up with the reins, but be prepared, mentally, to pull up the horse if necessary."

### NORTHWESTERN NAMES.

The sibilants in the language in the northwestern tribes cannot fail to be noticed by the traveler in Washington and British Columbia, although their speech is described as a "choke and a splutter." The Indian names of places that are still preserved there are full of hisses and s's. Examples: Squallinahish, Spatsum, Spuzzum, Scenzzy, Snehomish, Similkameen, Sumass, Snehcha, Skomokan, Hgokwahahos, Squim, Swinomish, Skagit, Samamish, Snoqualmie and Snokemish.

## THE MASKED MODEL.

A Pretty Romance of Art Student Life in New York.

She Was Married, After All—How a Classroom Sensation Was Followed by a Love Story—The Quiet Student's Interesting Discovery.

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Many stories of a romantic sort are told among the art students of New York, but few equal in novelty a narrative that has just been heard at the Art Students' league. The league is the largest of the great art schools. Its students are recruited from all parts of the United States, and they form an interesting, heterogeneous group. The young men are for the most part earnest and industrious young fellows, who are in art "for fair," and who buckle down to business with a steadfastness that is much in contrast with the habits of certain other classes of students in New York.

The "life" classes of the league are naturally the most important at the school. There are life classes for men



THE DRESSING.

and others for women. In both are employed models for the figure. These models are professional followers of this branch of labor, men and women who live by their "shape," and who are sometimes grudging and sometimes willing servitors in what may seem like a lazy, but is in reality an arduous pursuit.

A model holds a certain pose for a week—not continuously, of course, but during the hours set for the class. That is to say, the afternoon class working from two until five o'clock, has a model in the same position for three hours, with the usually ten-minute resting time, each day for the week. Each Monday morning a new pose is taken, possibly by the model of the week previous, possibly by another.

On a certain Monday morning the young men of the evening class were startled by the appearance of a new model. The few who noticed the model go to the dressing enclosure were not startled. She did not present an unusual appearance, save perhaps in manner and quality than was considered usual in the hard working girls who follow this trade. But when, at the assembling of the class and the call of the director, the model came forth, there was a little murmur of astonishment.

The figure that took its place under the strong glare of the gaslight reflector and before the crimson hangings at the back of the dais, was unusually beautiful. In the discussion that followed the class work for that night the students agreed that no such charm of form had ever before been offered as a theme for their charcoal or their brushes. But the beauty of the figure was not the circumstance that attracted the special attention of the students. The element of the unexpected was supplied by the fact that the model's face was completely hidden by an impenetrable veil.

This veil, extending from the upper part of her forehead to below the chin, was gathered and fastened in her rich brown hair. It entirely removed the possibility of identification, while leaving the students the complete outlines of the head. Only special indulgence in the management could have secured the privilege to pose in this manner, and such special indulgence



AT THE BOARDING HOUSE.

clearly proved that the model not only was not a professional, but did not intend to be—a circumstance having a natural interest for the students.

The more observing students remarked in later discussion that if evidence were wanting of the unprofessional character of this new model, this was furnished by the fact that when the figure stepped into the light a faint flush crept from under the veil, stole down the neck and over the bosom.

When the instructor began posing the model upon the dais it became plain that the girl's natural grace would readily atone for her want of familiarity with the requirements. She quickly assumed the required position, and, although her arms were perceptibly trembling with nervous fatigue before the expiration of the twenty minutes that preceded the first ten minutes' rest, the weakness was momentary only; in another hour she stood with the immobility of a statue. When the evening's work was over the white figure glided quickly to the enclosure, and soon afterward the

model emerged in street dress. Her face was still covered with a veil which was now knotted over the brim of a modest black hat.

"I wonder who she is?"

Only one student actually made the remark, but the thought rose in many minds. The ordinary model might come and go without exciting any notice, much less any emotion. But here was a human being whose personality aroused a special and decided curiosity. Everything favored her curiosity. The woman was not only young, and of rare beauty of form, but she gave every sign of a refinement that made her presence and her occupation a decided anomaly.

One of the students threw out an inquiring hint to the school official whose duty it is to choose and negotiate with models. The official was as dumb as an oyster. Whether or not he knew anything of the mysterious model could not be determined. Such inquiries would not be considered "good form" in any case.

And so the veiled unknown stepped upon the dais every evening for a week. It was on Saturday that one of the quietest students in the large class said to his chum: "I am going to find out who that model is."

"Don't be a fool," remarked the chum. "I thought the sensation about the unknown was dying out, and here you are threatening to get yourself in trouble over her."

"I tell you," said the quiet student, in his quietest but firmest way: "I am in love with that girl."

The chum did not laugh. He only looked sadly at his friend and said: "Why, you haven't even seen her face."

"No matter," returned the other, "I can see the outline of features that must be fine. The Creator would not put an ugly face upon such a woman. Can you not see that she has delicacy and intelligence? Something very uncommon has driven her to this."

The chum shook his head. "You will be disenchanted if you go into investigation. It is always so. If you wish to worship a veiled ideal leave matters as they are."

On Monday night the masked model took another pose. When the quiet student and the chum met the former said: "I missed her on Saturday night. She took the elevated for downtown, and I was not close enough to catch the same train." He had various reports during the week, but it was not until Thursday that he could report that he had traced the model home to a house on Lexington avenue. On Fri-



LEAVING THE CLASS.

day he was much excited with the news that she had gone to a medical college the afternoon before. On Saturday he suspected that she was a medical student. Nobody knows precisely how he found out, but a week later—a man model posed during the third week—he had learned definitely that she was in the first year course at the medical college. And he had seen her without her veil.

During the fourth week she posed again, much to the delight of the quiet student, who was now quite familiar with her movements and who had frequently seen her without her veil. He justified himself for what he felt to be a villainy by his genuine infatuation. One day he was made strangely uneasy by the belief that she was watching him through her veil. "Perhaps," he said to a chum, "she recognizes me as the fellow who has seen her near the college." But on the day following he concluded that he had been mistaken. The thought of ever speaking to her seemed as far away as ever, yet he devoted himself with the gravest persistence to the task of finding some means of making her acquaintance. Few of the young men in that Bohemian crowd would have had the pluck to do as much.

"I have a plan," he said to the chum. "She lives at a house where there are boarders. I am going to apply for board in that house."

He did, and when he met the chum two days later his face was as haggard as if he had not been sleeping for a week. At first he only had one thing to say:

"She's married!"

When he got down to the details of the story it was like this: "I have seen her in that house. I met her at the table. You had warned me that she might know me. I thought differently. But she had scarcely taken her seat when her eyes met my face. Then a blush—that same blush that we used to see steal down from under the veil—spread over her face, and her head bent forward. I tell you she is a heroine! She went through that ordeal without flinching. She recovered her self-possession, and neither of us gave any further sign that there had been a recognition. I was light-hearted under it all until I found, as I did last night, that she has a husband, a helpless invalid from some accident, for whose sake she is fighting her way to a great profession, and piecing out the wherewithal by working evenings as a model."

"Do you suppose he knows?" asked the chum.

The quiet student gave the chum a deep look, and never said a word. Since then he has been quieter than ever.

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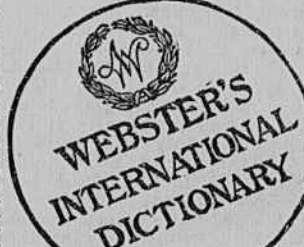
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